

THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

FRANK PREYTAG
Editor and Publisher.111 EDMOND STREET.
TELEPHONE.....MAIN 595
Business or Editorial.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Per Year.....\$1.00
Advertising Rates on Application.Address All Communications to
THE OBSERVER
111 Edmond St. St. Joseph, Mo.Entered at the Postoffice in St.
Joseph, Missouri, as Second Class
Mail Matter.

ON A DRUNK FOR FOUR YEARS

The income of the American people as a whole was estimated by the federal government in 1914 to amount to \$35,000,000,000. This meant a per capita wealth of about \$140. Today the income of the people as a whole is estimated to total around \$70,000,000,000 or a per capita wealth of about \$280. By the dollar sign, this would mean that every man had twice as much money today as he had before the war. But the figures of the bureau of labor statistics of the United States department of labor present an interesting parallel with this.

In 1914 the index number of the department on practically all the necessities of life showed at 99, or one point off the normal of 100. Today that index figure according to the last reading of the average cost of all such commodities was 250, or 151 points in advance. Food that in 1914 would cost a family man \$133.92 now costs him \$441.83, an increase in cost of 98 per cent.

These figures show that the dollar sign does not mean anything and is a stupid barometer to follow. In 1914 the Russian ruble was worth 51 cents in American money. Today in Russia you couldn't buy a ham sandwich with a bushel basket full of them.

The world cannot engage in four years of destruction with all energy turned either toward direct destruction or toward the creation of machines to simplify destruction and expect at the end of the spree to be wealthier than it was before it started.

The world has been on a riotous drunk for four years. Its house is a wreck and it has reached the headache stage. After a while it will sober up, begin to think clearly again and go back to work. The creative energy which for years had sought to build up an economic surplus has been wasted, and it must start all over again with hand upraised and a never-again pledge in its heart.

Until that time of contrition comes let us not fool it by any vain talk that we are "wealthier today than we were before the war."

We won't be a bit wealthier until men realize that they must work if they are going to continue to eat, and we won't grow a bit more saving until the extravagant learn they cannot have their cake and eat it, too. The hardest lesson for the world to learn seems to be that two and two still make four.

MISSOURI CORN IS KING

Just now all over the territory tributary to this city—all over the great Northwest part of Missouri—the banner spot of the world—and its most productive garden—is being gathered the greatest crop of corn in the history of the country. Many Andrew and Buchanan county fields are turning out near to the hundred bushel mark—and some that much.

In this connection it may be said that twice before has there been a greater corn crop raised in the United States, but when quality, quantity and money value are considered the crop of 1919 outranks them all. The production of 2,910,000,000 bushels is 339,000,000 bushels larger than the average, and the quality is 77 per cent better than a normal crop; while the cash value on the farm, based on the November 1 price, is \$2,882,272,500.

It is told of an old time ruler in the orient that his state robes blazed with jewels and were diamonds formed the buttons of his coat. When arrayed in all his magnificence and seated upon the great peacock throne, made of gold and gems, the eye could not look upon this blaze of glory. But what of this American king whose worth in one year is counted by the billions?

No mean court does he preside over. Wheat, oats and all the others around him pile billions upon billions upon the national wealth. A business man would appraise this cereal court by its money value, and an economist by its volume. Both are great. The volume is sufficient to supply all the demands of the people and answer every call from distressed Europe; while the value, surpassing the fables of the mines of Golconda, staggers the imagination.

Volume is to be weighed by its effect upon other industries. Transportation will receive 150,000,000 tons of

freight. Millions upon millions in capital and payrolls are represented by the flour and feed mills, the corn products, best sugar, manufactured food products, packing houses, leather goods and textiles, the making of 1,316,000,000 pounds of tobacco, painting, printing, linoleum trades, while the money value flowing out as new lifeblood to business will add \$2,000,000,000 to foreign trade and increase the national purchasing power by more than \$20,000,000,000.

"BILL" CARLISLE NOT A HERO

Some of the silly newspapers and addle brained people are trying to make a hero out of "Bill" Carlisle, prison breaker and train robber, etc.

Of course the fellow has won a place in the public mind that carries with it some degree of sympathy and a certain admiration, all because of his career dare-devilery, his success in winning against the combined law-enforcing officers of a state, re-enforced by the special agents of a great railroad. In the tales of the wild and woolly west, now passing, he is in danger of becoming a legend.

It is a curious manifestation of human nature. If Carlisle had shot down a woman passenger the public would turn thumbs down. But he didn't; he even refused to rob women. If he had been shot to death by the first posse which pursued him he would have been forgotten in a week. But he evaded every posse.

Yet, with all that he has done and that he hasn't, the fact remains that Carlisle is an enemy of society, that his example is an evil example, that his career is one which no parent would want a son to follow. Why, with all that, should he have our sympathy or admiration?

Carlisle is not a hero. No man can be a hero whose business in life is breaking the law. Heroes are those who take desperate chances to uphold the law, to relieve the oppressed, to succor the suffering. The German aviator who bombed London and Paris, killing and maiming non-combatant women and children, took his life in his hand—but civilized people refuse to accord him the honor of heroism. Heroism, dictionary definition, to the contrary notwithstanding, means something more than mere courage, or even dare-devil chivalry. It means devotion to a righteous cause as well.

BRING BACK OUR BOYS

The bodies of our slain soldiers that now lie in the battlefields of France belong to America—and it is to be hoped that France will give its consent that they should be brought home.

Without a doubt this project will involve a waste of transportation facilities, of labor and of administrative effort, judged by material standards. It will disturb the relatives of others, buried alongside the Americans, to have the cemeteries up-turned by the exhumation of the bodies of the American dead. It will revive the horrors of war to those French people who witness the removal, who will picture again the death and misery of war which they hope to forget.

But with all that, American relatives of these boys who sacrificed supremacy can be satisfied with nothing less than the early burial of their loved ones in the soil of their own land. It is sentimental, but sentiment moves the world. It may be argued that the body is nothing, that the spirit lives in worlds from which none would ask its return save for selfish reasons. But the sentiment of humanity is for the internment of the bodies of loved ones, to have the graves can be visited and revered; even if that be lacking, that they be at least in a spot known, if possible in a spot hallowed by memories of the life they have left. That sentiment is no more explainable than the sentiment of mother love, which states with a child no matter under what stress of misdeed or sorrow, it is a sentiment not less irrefutable.

It is an impulse of the heart that demands the return of the mortal being of these American heroes. And before such an impulse, reason can not argue.

THE GREAT AMERICAN FURNACE

Of course you like a furnace—for there are but few people who do not—and especially have you liked one in the past few days, for in reality there is no more useful domestic appliance than the furnace, no matter how it is constructed.

But now since the fuel administrator of this section has informed us that we are to get all the fuel that we can steal or pick up along the railroad tracks from Francis street depot south, we look upon this furnace with suspicion. We claim to note a sort of sarcastic expression upon its lower draft, and when we open the main entrance the vista seems to wink at us, redly—like the ink on the wrong side of the ledger. The coal shovel, that usually leans placidly against the wall about the maw of this salary-consuming furnace, appears to totter forward into our hands, suggesting excesses in the matter of fuel consumption that

would make Chairman Stohr pass a sleepless night.

Three months ago we might exclaim, in our exuberance, "Let's have another quart!" Now we cry, being rich and drunk with success, "Let's have another ton! For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!"

But down below, in the hellish realm of the cellar, grins that spectral consumer of hopes and purses, of prospects and Pierce-Arrows, of fun and Ford!

We refer to the Great American Furnace!

Old King Coal is a merry old soul—maybe—but he can't kid us along much longer until the shovel ceases to scrape upon the bottom of the floor!

LAST REPUBLICAN SURRENDER

The Republican majority of the national House yielded to the railroad labor unions in the last stages of passing the Esch bill, which virtually restores the old method of dealing with railroad strikes, which is no method at all. Various arbitration or conciliation boards are provided whereon the railroads and the brotherhoods will be equally represented. The public will never be represented. The brotherhoods, formally recognized and named in the proposed statute, are left free to strike before, after or during any arbitration.

Senator Nelson of Minnesota, lately pointing to the unreasoning strikes and labor demands over the country, declared that the president had sowed the wind through the Adamson settlement of 1916 and was now reaping the whirlwind. He was wrong. The president demanded a settlement by legislation which provided in future railroad labor disputes that a full public investigation must have been completed "before a strike or lockout may lawfully be attempted."

Congress paid no attention to that vital condition in the president's plan of settlement. Whatever wind was sown then was thus sown by congress. And the republican majority of the house is now engaged in sowing more wind of the kind and leaving the country to reap another harvest of whirlwind. The Esch bill as it now stands is another surrender of the vast public interests involved.

LODGE ONE TORY EULOGIST

Of the European press the London Morning Post alone speaks in praise of the senate for refusing to ratify the peace treaty. As the organ of ultra-Toryism, reactionary in every thought, it bubbles with gratitude over the reverse administered to the league of nations. Nothing in years has so contributed to revive its spirit in a world that has steadily been going to the bad under the influence of modern ideas.

Nothing else was to be expected from such a source as the Morning Post. For months it continually reviled the Paris peace conference as an obstacle to the triumph of the old imperialism, whose demands as a class newspaper it loyally championed on every possible occasion. Above all things, the league of nations excited its wrath as a deadly innovation at the expense of the old order. The first ray of hope that it caught in many months, when in succession, Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Japan and other nations were joining the league of nations as a world-wide union for the maintenance of peace, came from the group of senators who had sworn to kill the Versailles treaty.

It has long been the distinction of the Morning Post to serve as the voice of British junkertum, the English counterpart of Prussian junkertum as expressed through the mouth of Lieut. von Helldorf. From fixed prejudice, it has been the implacable foe of everything American, unvarying in its content and hostility, until the republican party in the United States senate earned its sincere praise by rejecting the peace treaty. It is a case of hands across the sea, where Toryism works in a common interest.

GOLD TOO CHEAP TO DIG

Man has no control over economic laws—which is probably a good thing—and as a result these same economic laws are now at work for man to decrease the high cost of living. Gold is becoming so cheap that it does not pay to mine it, and there will be only a small addition to the money in circulation from gold. The highest Black Hills authority says that "gold mining is getting to be the least profitable venture in American business."

Some time ago it was stated that many of the gold mines in South Africa had closed because they did not pay expenses, and that there was a prospect that others would shut down.

Workers have left their jobs by the hundred thousand, but new inventions are being developed that will perform their work. The business magazine appeared in five shapes, the announcement being made that it was produced by a new process which eliminated typewriters and printers. It is not the photographic process, as some other publishers have used, it

is called the "planograph perforated" method. It is said that Edison has perfected a new method of building houses, and that a concrete house two stories high can be built in one day. He uses concrete and builds the house at less than half the cost of frame dwellings of the same kind.

THE HIGH COST OF "DISTRIBUTION"

An announcement comes from Chicago that is decidedly interesting—especially at this time. It comes from the meat packers and says:

"In three months the packers' price for beef has dropped from \$20 a hundred pounds to \$14, the lowest for three years."

Fourteen dollars a hundred is 14 cents a pound. How many inhabitants of the United States are able to buy beef for that price, or for 50 per cent more than that price?

Is there not enough intelligence in the country to solve in some way the high cost of distribution, which often costs more than the food itself?

New York state farmers, for instance, have been allowed an increase in the price of milk, for which they will now get 7.5 cents a quart. This is less than half the price that the woman in the city pays when she buys milk for her family.

If the farmer can raise the calf, and care for the cow, and take the milk to market for less than 8 cents a quart, it ought to be possible for the milk concerns to hand it to the consumer for a charge of less than 8 cents a quart.

BURLINSON AGAIN SHOWS PROFIT

With all of the criticism and invective hurled against Postmaster-General Burlinson the past year, the fact is again evident that he fully understands how to conduct this great office, as the report just made shows that after all expenses have been paid there will be a net profit of \$2,342,351 accrue to the government. It should also be remembered that during the 46 years that the Republicans were in control of the post-office department, that in NOT ONE YEAR did they ever show a profit—but ALWAYS a deficit.

We may—or we may not—most likely not—get into more trouble with Mexico, but the people should take into consideration the fact that there is much propaganda now being manufactured by Americans who have financial interests down there, that is for the purpose of causing intervention—for the ultimate benefit of the Americans interested, and this fact should be given full weight and consideration in arriving at a conclusion.

The instance of the man reported by Emergency Fuel Director Hotchkiss as asking \$26 for a load of wood, shows that no matter what the emergency, or how much suffering there may be, the conscienceless profiteer is always in evidence. At the close of every great battle the ghoul who robs the wounded and dying is always in evidence. His prototype is now operating in St. Joseph.

President Wilson could not have selected a more conscientious or capable secretary of Commerce, than he did in the person of Judge Alexander of California. The president not only did credit to himself, but he honored the great state of Missouri, whom men just such as Judge Alexander have made it possible that the state may be thus honored.

Those two Republican county judges can do the right thing—if they just want to—and which they should do more often. One good and fair and square thing that they did do last week was to promptly confirm all of the Democratic appointments of Henry Meyer, county highway engineer. They were properly confirmed.

If that train robber, Francis Hamby of New York, is as anxious to die as he says that he is, he should be accommodated—as he is to be executed anyhow. It is generally the other way—and almost impossible to bring about an execution after a conviction.

President Wilson's message to Congress Tuesday is another state document. It has recommendations which if followed will bring this country out of the condition in which it now finds itself, and put it again on the high road to peace and happiness.

Charley Morris of the Gazette wants one of those useless appendages, a city manager. The experience of all cities which has tried out the commission plan is a failure—except to hear the city managers' story—who draws a big salary.

That hot hold-up of bandit Carlisle only netted him \$74. He could have secured that much by a Goosestown or Two street hold-up here, and not had half as much trouble in keeping out of the hands of the law.

Blissed is that steamship firm—

and \$13 for a like article. And Lee also said that it was "all that it was worth," which should call for a double blessing.

That News-Press headline artist who flung to the breeze Tuesday evening the caption, "Demands for fuel far exceeds receipts" is an artist, but he did not tell a single thing in that sentence. The people already knew.

That "speech" made by the chairman of the women's division of the Republican state committee at the Y. W. C. A. rooms Monday night, is all summed up in the name, Sasse—for that was all that there was to it.

We are just wondering how those Republican women with their \$250 gowns, who sat at the banquet Saturday night, are going to act when they run up against their "colored lady" sisters and associates at the polls.

The sooner that such men as Howatt and Lewis are disposed of, the sooner will there be industrial peace. The long suffering common people are getting tired of them—very tired—and coldly tired.

The packing house employees have again been given a raise and more back pay. This just means more money to be spent for high-priced luxuries, and no money saved for coming hard times.

Kansas, after the usual amount of wind, finally has started to sending out a little coal—which is a little better and a trifle more helpful than some of the other states—which have made no noise.

The St. Joseph Country Club is made up of financiers—and this is ably and fully verified by the statement just issued by the club showing that it cleared nearly \$5,000 the past season.

It required a hard fight, but the Republicans of South Dakota finally did endorse the candidacy of Wood for the empty honor of making the race for president of the United States.

North Dakota has set the ball rolling by nominating Woodrow Wilson for president and Thomas R. Marshall for vice president at its presidential convention held on Tuesday. Good work.

For our part we do not care how many—and in what way—Gov. Gardner seizes coal mines and how he operates them, just so that he ships plenty of coal to St. Joseph, Mo., U. S. A.

The coasting accident season is now on in full blast, and the chief of police should instruct his khaki clad minions to see that coasters are kept away from the street car tracks.

When is a long suffering public to have relief from the St. Joseph Gas Co. extortion, which again this week was licensed to further plunder the people of this city?

Those thirteen convicts whom Sheriff Isaacson escorted to the Jefferson City penitentiary last Wednesday, are absolutely certain that 13 is an unlucky number.

If that was the best that the Republican women could do—that dinner stunt pulled off Saturday night—the Democrats of this section need not lose heart.

The news that Gov. Gardner had seized and would cause to be operated fifteen coal mines in Barton county, was received with much pleasure here yesterday.

The operators as well as the miners should feel the probe of justice at once—and no hesitancy should be shown in sticking the probe down to the quick.

Now if the hotel and restaurant men of St. Joseph will just follow the example of the Chicago men, and cut down the rates, the public will like them better.

Lawrence Weakley Jr.'s suggestion as to community housing during the coal troubles would be good enough if the women were kept out of the community.

In the death of Henry Clay Frick another of the prominent financiers of the world has gone the way of all flesh—which his millions could not prevent.

That Agency Road widow will look out in future and not use rifle cartridges for fuel—even if the latter article is a scarce and hard-to-get commodity.

That Omaha man who to save a few cents shared his lodging with a stranger at the Union Depot hotel Tuesday night, lost \$259.50 in the saving.

The cold snap and the shutting

and women who spent their high wages received this year in senseless amusements, to a daisy realization that they were now up against it without a dollar—and no one to blame except themselves.

The skunk who attempts to profiteer at the expense of the poor and needy of St. Joseph, should be given a dose of the medicine that quiets all desire.

Some fellow whom the afternoon paper exploited Tuesday wants to know why we are not burning asbes? We are—it is all that we have—to burn.

Those fuel conservation orders make St. Joseph look like a graveyard, after dark, but they were necessary—and should be strictly enforced.

New that the authorities have recaptured Carlisle, the bandit—let them keep him—and keep him safely. The people are tired of train robbers.

If you can swing an ax or "buck" a saw, go to the municipal wood yard and put in a few hours labor for the suffering poor of the city.

The "music" of the shovel hitting the bottom of the coal cellar is no melody just now, and St. Joseph musicians are shunning it.

The warning of Inspector McBeth, relative to holiday fire prevention, should be strictly followed—and no catastrophes invited.

Savannah is getting up an oil boom. The pity is that the oil is not now flowing from those contemplated wells in these times of need.

Of course you are buying eggs at 90 cents per dozen. The wear and tear on the hen's cackle has caused the raise in price.

We should be allowed to handle our coal relief right here in St. Joseph. Chicago knows nothing about this city's needs.

The Commerce Club members are now enjoying the novelty of a campaign, which is almost the equal of a political affair.

The United States and England seem to be running a race to see who can sell the most goods to the Germans.

You must now do your trading of all kinds before the hour of 5 hits you on week days, and 7 on Saturdays.

It is but three weeks until Christmas—so get ready to buy that present for her—and the other one, too.

If you are a smoker or chewer, you should remember that the twilight hour now comes at 5 p. m.

Union Labor is to establish a co-operative store here. Well, anything will do to try, once.

The campaigns against the high cost of living have only tended to shoot prices higher.

In the death of James O. Starks, a real man has been taken from St. Joseph.

Got your half ton of coal this week? No—neither have others.

What the Missouri Editors Are Saying

Many Now Envy Shadrach
"Anyhow," remarked Shadrach as he stepped into the fiery furnace, "there is no coal shortage in these parts."—Kansas City Times.

Made a D—l of a Difference!
The loss of the figure 7 in the ad of W. E. Pearson, quotes the price of butter fat at 2c per pound. It should be 72c.—Clarkdale Journal.

Tut! Tut! Editor Jones!
The man who says he never kissed a girl until he was married may be telling the truth, but nobody envies him.—Platte County Landmark.

Will Knock the H. C. of L.
A few more boosts to prices will knock "L" out of the H. C. of L. In other words, there won't be any living with these high costs.—Nevada Mail.

It Is the Other Turkey
There are no more wild turkeys—it is the fellow who tries to rake up enough of the coin of the realm to buy one who goes wild.—Hopkins Journal.

The Volume Increases
If, as the poet says, a room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts, what is a board fence hung with circus posters?—Kansas City Post.

Where Crime Is Rampant
The law against carrying concealed weapons is a wise, just and proper one, but it works only one way. It never deters the thief and the murderer. It deters the quiet, inoffen-

sive and law-abiding citizen, and leaves him the easy prey of the criminal. So it is that in Kansas City, for instance, where crime is rampant, the criminal finds his work easy because he can reckon on his victim being disarmed.—Henry County Democrat.

They Have the Right Teacher
Some of the girls of the high school began voice lessons this week with Mr. Ralph Parland of St. Joseph, who comes here on Wednesday of each week. We shall soon expect much warbling.—Clinton County Democrat.

Possible Calling for Infants
A father gives it as his opinion that if the voice of a year-old child grew in the same proportion as its owner the telephone would no longer be necessary in this country.—Laclede Blade.

They Just Passed the Buck
Some Republican organs are publishing articles to prove that the House of Representatives, at least, has passed some bills. Yes, but the Republican Senate has only "passed the buck."—Boonville Advertiser.

Was in the Right Place
A policeman in Kansas City has been arrested for holding up and robbing people. He probably noticed how tenderly the officials treated highwaymen there, and decided that it was "easy money" for him.—Glasgow Missourian.

It Is Not Jim of K. C.
Jim Reed is charged with stealing hops and while some of the local Democrats may wish the postoffice address of this man was Kansas City or Washington, D. C., it is not. This Jim Reed gets his night at Ravenwood.—Hopkins Journal.

They Are Learning Fast
Members of parliament are agitating for more pay and Paris has closed ballrooms and dancing schools on account of the coal crisis, thus proving that England and France have all the advantages of American civilization.—Kansas City Times.

Did You Ever Think About It?
Henry Clay said a great thing when he orated that he would rather be right than be president; but did you ever think about the fact that the same Henry had tried about as often as any living man to be president before he said it? We are not suggesting the fox and the grapes.—Dade County Advocate.

They Bought "Wheel Juice"
The coal situation has not yet reached an acute stage, but lots of fellows are worrying as their shovel scrapes the bottom of the coal bin. And last summer when the coal dealers were urging them to lay in their winter's supply, they were investing all their spare change in gasoline.—Henry County Democrat.

It Was All a Dream
Don't you faintly remember something about how they used to tell how the war was going to send us back men with bigger ideals and higher ambitions, and how we should prepare to meet the finer class of fellows that the war was going to create out of the lads that went away? What is your idea of that rot now?—Platte County Landmark.

It Was No Excuse
This paper has in the past frequently pointed out that lynchings are due to certain reasonable abuses. However, the action of a Mobster mob in lynching a negro for highway robbery presents no opportunity for any excuse. There are certain horrid crimes which arouse people to desperate ideas of revenge; but the crime of robbery is not one of those. The Mobster lynching was absolutely without adequate reason. Probably the state of public sentiment precludes a legal punishment for the man who did the work, but public sentiment while it might go so far as to imprison them for their crime, will not uphold them in its commission.—Henry County Democrat.

Sullivan Is Guarding the People
The St. Louis Post-Dispatch thinks that Secretary of State John L. Sullivan ought to find some way of letting foreign corporations with millions of dollars of common stock not having any par value or value of any other kind, come into this state and do business. The secretary has assumed that the law means exactly what it says. No Missouri company can incorporate unless its stock is fully represented in property. Its securities must be worth 100 cents on the dollar. He has applied the same rule, as the law says he shall do, to foreign corporations. If he permitted all kinds of wild cat companies to do business in this state, the public would be robbed right and left. As matters stand the gullible public of Missouri is losing quite enough money in other ways without licensing every foreign company in creation to come here and sell its worthless securities.—Jefferson City Democrat-Tribune.